



Seeds Editor
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Augusta, KS 67010



Kansas Mensa Sunflower Seeds

December 2023, Vol. - 51, Issue - 12

SATURDAY EVENTS

Dec. 2nd	Meet & Greet 12:45 pm	Redrock Canyon Grill 1844 N Rock RD www.redrockcanyongrill.com
Dec. 9th	Group Meet 2:00 pm	Fairmount Coffee 3815 E 17 th ST N www.fairmountcoffee.com
Dec. 16th	Group Field Trip 2:30 pm	Cherokee Strip Land Rush Museum US-77 Ark City www.visitarkcity.org
Dec. 23rd	Group Meet 7:00 pm	Barnes & Noble 1920 N Rock RD www.barnesandnoble.com
Jan. 6th	Meet & Greet 12:45 pm	Sugar Shane's 430 State ST, Augusta www.sugarshanescafe.com
Feb. 3rd	Meet & Greet 12:45 pm	Ya Ya's 8115 E 21 st ST www.yayaswichita.com

Editor's note: This is the final issue for 2023. I hope to have a new and more up-to-date look for the publication in 2024, including more articles that are IQ related as is befitting our illustrious group.

Goals for 2024:

- (1) Increased participation by members.
- (2) Establish a proctor testing program.
- (3) Entice new membership through marketing.

Upcoming Field Trip: This month's field trip will be a visit to the Cherokee Land Rush Museum and visiting sites associated with the ancient Great City of Etzanoa.



We will meet at the Nature Center, east of Chisolm Creek Park and decide on who wants to drive. Bring some walking shoes.



Tentative Schedule of 2024

Meet-n-Greets:

- (Jan) Sugar Shane's
- (Feb) Ya-Ya's
- (Mar) Café Maurice
- (Apr) Shanghai Restaurant
- (May) Abuella's
- (Jun) Fio Rito Restaurante
- (Jul) Newport Grill
- (Aug) Vara Cafe
- (Sep) Chester's
- (Oct) Wine Dive
- (Nov) Scotch & Sirloin
- (Dec) N & J's Restaurant

Shout Out: This month's shout out is to Sunflower member Blake Escritt, owner of Indy Tech Fix in Independence. His company specializes in computer repairs and upgrades as well as fixing virus and malware problems. Live 200 miles away in Western Kansas, no problem, he can do things remotely. Recommended!
blake.escritt@indytechfix.com

RVC Region -7 Beth Anne Demeter

Happy holidays! Even though it's not the holidays quite yet, it's time to plan some wonderful holiday events to bring the membership – and our friends and Mensa family – together.

Local groups plan all sorts of functions from picnics and games nights to tiki parties and trivia contests, and even bowling and hiking. For the holidays, I've seen a lot of these mixed together to create a fun time that everyone enjoys!

One example is Denver Mensa planning a holiday party in conjunction with the AMC meeting. The AMC – or the American Mensa Committee – is the national board made up of volunteers from many locations, backgrounds, and personalities. Their quarterly meetings rotate around the country and Denver put forth a bid to bring the AMC to its fine city a while back. The meeting itself is an all-day affair that members can attend, but the holiday party in the evening took advantage of conference space that was already paid for as part of the AMC meeting. The local Denver Mensa group pulled some funds together for refreshments and encouraged members of not only its local group but also surrounding local groups (like Boulder and Plains & Peaks in Colorado Springs) to attend. A great time was had by all, and the local members had a ton of fun meeting national board members!

Something else to keep in mind is that several groups around the country leverage their Regional Gathering contracts to use hotel space throughout the year. For instance, a group who has a function in May might request to use space during the holidays or even throughout the year for monthly functions, member appreciation parties and more. The lesson here is don't be afraid to ask hotels or other function spaces what they're willing to extend to groups, and especially non-profits! Finally, when it comes to those non-conventional ideas, remember that you don't have to have a holiday party in the month of December. Weekends tend to already be booked up by not only our friends but also restaurants and other spaces. And, if they're not booked already, they're expensive!

A few groups in the Region are planning events in January and other times of the year to accommodate this.

Be sure to reach out if you have questions about making this holiday season special for your members and Mensa family. See you soon! And happy holidays!



Raccoonio, the wise and ancient shape-shifting time traveler. He has come from another dimension to observe and judge our primitive race. This is him at the celebration of qualifying for Mensa membership and joining the Sunflower chapter. Smart, advanced, supremely intelligent and a very sharp dresser.

Duct tape sure can't fix the stupid, but it can shut them up!

Beauty is only skin deep, but stupid goes to the bone!

Everything happens for a reason. Usually, the reason is that you are stupid and make bad decisions!

The stupid are like glow sticks. I want to snap and shake the shit out of them until the light comes on!

Kids in the back seat can cause accidents. Accidents in the back seat can cause kids.

Perri

By: William Barnett

The Mo-Fo was finally in view in the Tactical Spotting Scope. The laser distance sensor showed 2713 meters, a long shot, but not totally impossible. Then the general went into the building. The brigade was preparing an assembly for the top brass. He would be back out at the podium giving a speech. He was a good bullshitter, the best. His mesmerizing voice was as effective as his intentions were evil. As a master of deceit, he had sent many a poor follower to his grave.

Perri thought to herself, not making a sound. "Finally, I've got him. After 11 years he's in my sights. Thank Karma! The Mo-Fo forgot the first rule of revenge, 'Never piss off a redhead.' He's burned his last village."

Eleven years ago to the day, as a twelve year old child, she had crawled out of the flaming village, the only survivor. Until that day it had been an ideal childhood in a perfect village. The villagers had refused to sell to the foreign development company. It was simply cheaper for the developers to hire outlaw mercs than pursue a purchase. Ailil, her teammate, was lost in some outlaw merc prison and had been for a season. She would have to find her later. After 6 years of training and operations as a special forces soldier she now had a 'special leave' to pursue wanted men, those with the highest bounties and the most dangerous to kill. She even lied about her age to get into the special forces training. She was the only girl who had ever outperformed all the men, and the top graduate of her class. Other women had performed well but were never as strong as the men. Determination had propelled her to the top.

Watching the grass and leaves through the scope she determined the wind speed at every distance and wrote them down in the notepad. An exact compass setting with compensation for magnetic drift was written down. There was a 207 meter drop, another data point recorded in the notepad. The temperature and barometric pressure were recorded. Quickly she did the math. She had excelled at calculus and had even studied higher dimensional plane geometry, just for fun. It paid off in setting up distance shots.

The soldiers milled around setting up the speaking event. Occasionally the target was visible in the window.



Impatiently, she waited for an eternity, not moving, and not making any sound. She even had to pee where she was, and the ground stank. She was wearing two fairy outfits, the outer one a ghillie suit, named after one of her ancestors, and beneath that her traditional elfish outfit. She had never hidden her identity and the many fights it got her into only made her stronger.

Dark storm clouds were on the horizon and coming fast. Lightning flashed across the distant horizon. Thunder could barely be heard in the distance. The storm would provide excellent cover. It was going to be the perfect storm.

Suddenly the target came into view, General Caepio approached the podium. The crowd cheered. He was their hero and they never realized that he only saw them as cannon fodder. She watched as he became engaged in his speech. Carefully she aimed the older model Lapua rifle at the center of mass. She timed her breathing to be in synch with her heartbeat and carefully squeezed the trigger to match her heartbeat.

'POP' and the bullet was on its way. She watched the bullet through the scope as it slowly arched its way through the air and went thud in the middle of the target's chest.

Now she had to extract as the whole base was alerted. It would take time for them to figure out where a single shot had come from, but there was no time to lose, she had to be gone now, and a long way gone at that. The base was secured two clicks out from the assembly building where the speech had been given. That gave her a 700 meter head start. There was nothing but rough ground between her and the base and she was on top of the nearest high point. There was only one way out, the way she came in, and there was a security checkpoint on the one road.

The guards were asleep when she came in the night before, but would be alert now. She would have to stealth past them on the way out.

Quickly she fell into her ultrarunning pace as she ran through the woods. In preparation she had trained for and run several 170 klick races, always using a stage name. When people began to recognize her, she simply ran alone. Two klicks later she approached the guard shack. There was a guard peeing in the woods in the only clear spot in the forest past the shack. She went into invisible mode just 20 meters away and drew her pistol. She would be discovered if she stayed put or if she moved. Silently she put the suppressor on the gun barrel and aimed at the center of the brain. 'POP' and he was down. The guards in the shack were now alerted, not really hearing anything other than their comrade hitting the dirt. As they came to inspect there was a series of more pops and they all went down. She needed to make time before a response team came to check on why the guards didn't answer the radio. Thankfully the soldiers were as inept and lazy as they were corrupt.

A few hours and sixty-six klicks later the sun was setting, and she crossed under the highway through the hiker tunnel. It was full of mud as it doubled as flood drainage. The storm had come in in bursts of rain and wind. Another klick into the woods and she could take a short rest.

Finally, it was time to eat and rehydrate. They wouldn't look that far, yet. They would never believe that anyone could travel that far and that fast anymore than they thought someone could shoot that far. It wasn't considered humanly possible.

"Now I can talk," she said to herself out loud. "Only a hundred more klicks to go and I'll be out of their search range. The bounty is 1,000,000 credits and that will finance the rest of the kills. Soon, there won't be anyone left who burned my village. Then I can get Ailil out of the merc jail. I'll pick up a ride tomorrow."

She ran all night in the mud with storm surges one step behind her and sometimes passing her. She didn't realize that the lazy soldiers had to postpone the search until the storm had passed. By noon she crossed the border where it went over an impenetrable wilderness. There was a tall fence across the whole border except on the steep cliffs in a deep dark dense old growth forest. The forest had never been cut as it was impossible to get trucks into it to haul the lumber out.

On the far side of the cliffs, she felt safe to stop and sleep. Ω

MMD FOMT

Who's to say that dreams and nightmares aren't as real as the here and now?"
- Luminaria the Pooka

A longer version of this story will be available in a book.

Submitted by: Mike Dickson

Knowledge is knowing the tomato is a fruit.
Wisdom is not including it in a fruit salad.

Philosophy is wondering if that means
ketchup is a healthy smoothie.



Poster for the new local horror film:

Tabby and the Battle of the Crazy Wichita Pussy Zombies.

Coming soon to a theater near you. This film
Rated PG-13 due to suggestive feline situations.

The pessimist perceives the glass as half-empty. The optimist sees it as half-full. The Sentient observes that the amorphous silicon, consumable liquids receptacle is 50% of design capacity.

R Klaus Trenary

The Tale of Brenth By: R Klaus Trenary



He was called Brenth, although no one who sailed with him was quite sure if that was his first or last name, or even simply a moniker.

He was at sea for his twenty-sixth year, and he assumed he was about thirteen when he made his first cruise. He was not certain of his birthday or even his exact age for that matter. Few men called him friend as he always kept to himself, although it was rumored, he harbored feelings for a whore out of the Carolinas, though never confirmed.

The Sassy Lassy, a brand-new schooner built in Nantucket was to be his newest command. Much of the crew would be green as there was a shortage of men due to a recent epidemic. Those men with experience respected if not feared the new ships captain, hearing that he had a fierce temper and had even once slit a fellow crewman's throat over a slight.

Next morning's high tide would mark the beginning of their arduous journey. Brenth was a smuggler by trade, and very good at it, having evaded the Union blockade on several occasions. This was his first trip to Haiti however, and hopefully his last. He hated the stink and vermin, but this was where the ship was moored, and business was after all business. The ship was to sail East and North to pick up a load of munitions in England to be sold to the Confederacy. It was a very profitable, but exceedingly dangerous venture.

He made this very same trip almost a dozen times on different ships carrying various loads, but now on the way back to the Georgia coast after four weeks asea seemed like that proverbial "slow trip through hell". Incessant storms, the incompetence of the new crew and a growing sense of foreboding that something bad was to befall this ship made the moments tediously tick away.

At first a distant smell, a mix of green life and brown rot let it be known that land was drawing near. It was with much relief when the familiar shoals and mangrove swamps finally came into view. They would hole up in one of a hundred hidden coves and send word that they had arrived and were laden with not just state-of-the-art weapons but hope for the South. That meant little to a man like Brenth, as ideologies were for the foolish and the rich. He was neither, he was in it simply for vengeance and for the gold.



The captain had no love for the Union. Two of his brothers had been drafted after they were too poor to afford the \$300 that the rich could use to buy their way out of service. They were both senselessly consumed in some bloody skirmish, God knows where or how. They were simply gone, and he hated the blue bellies who started the war of Northern aggression and who had kidnapped his kin.

Awakened with a start to the sound of a frantically clanging bell, he realized that one of the dreaded Union patrols had been spotted and cursed their bad luck under his breath. Haul up anchor and make a run for it, keep quiet and hope not to be seen or muster all hands and

prepare for a fight? Being a captain is 99% monotony, but the rare decision that needed to be made had better always be the right one. The crew stood in rapt silence as the captain ran onto the deck, straining to see his visage and to determine his demeanor. They knew that their very lives were at stake as blockade runners were usually ill-treated and executed if caught.

Clutching his pet ferret Erasmus, who was as much loved by the crew as by himself, he tried hard not to show his concern to the men, even cracking little jokes to it to ease the growing tension. If caught many of his crew would perish in the hold of some fetid Union prison ship. If he was caught a somewhat kinder fate awaited him at the end of a noose. Suddenly a deafening boom. Some fool had dropped his musket and it had gone off. The blue devils will surely now come. All hands to battle stations was heard as the renewed clanging of the ships bell pierced any remaining peace aboard the ship. There was now no doubt, tonight there would be bloodshed and many might not see the morn.

To be continued:

Emotions in Motion. An ape evolves.

If man is ever to hope to survive into the distant future as a species, on the most basic level what it means to be human must be radically changed. Humans choose to deny that they are simply another flavor of ape, and as such are slaves to their instinctive proclivities and emotions. I am not denying the existence of behavioral dampening mechanisms such as learned impulse control. I am saying they are usually of only secondary importance when it comes to mediating the behavior of the average Human.

Soon there will be knowledge, emerging technologies and potential dangers that will make hydrogen bombs look like mere fireworks. Should we stupid apes, many of whom still believe in gods and the supernatural, be at the helm of powers that they can neither control nor completely understand? Only a truly corporeal God can hope to safely wield God-like powers and technologies, certainly not a creature as

flawed and simplistic as a Human of today. Remember the concept that a God is any creature with toys more sophisticated than our own. Granted that does set the bar rather low.

I proffer a simple analogy: The AA five-step program.

The first step is always to admit that you have a problem. The problem of trying to be more than your genetics. In other words, the populous are to be instilled with the undeniable fact that they are seriously flawed and will behave as primitives and savages if allowed to develop in preprogrammed ways. They will be indoctrinated in rational and analytical reasoning and will understand that intellect is the highest state attainable. The manimals of today must transform into the neo-sentient beings of tomorrow.

The second step is to inculcate self-discipline and the ability to weather hardship, pain, and adversity. Just because life in a future utopian society will be safe, easy, and full of pleasures, we will not allow ourselves to decay into softness, laziness and ignorance.

The third step is for the Human to grasp their own innate limitations. We all want to be smart, gorgeous, rich and have a killer body, even to be famous and revered. Chances for such are extremely thin however and almost everyone needs to accept the fact that they are simply a number and are in no stretch of the imagination special in any way. Be realistic, be at peace and go with the probabilities.

Next, grasp the uncomfortable fact that a percentage of the populous will sire inferior or defective children which must not occur for any reason. Eugenics is not only moral; it is an utter requisite to the survival of Man. Forbidding the reproduction of the unfit is not only a sacred duty but is to be held in the highest praise by all. The genetically superior will be encouraged to breed, and in fact will be subsidized to do so in the interest of our future. We will attempt to breed the human out of the humans.

If you expect it to survive, you don't baby proof the house, you house proof the baby.

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The member subscription fee of \$5.00 is included in annual dues paid to Wichita Sunflower Mensa and American Mensa, Ltd.; other subscriptions for mailed version is \$36.00 per year (USA only) for 12 issues.

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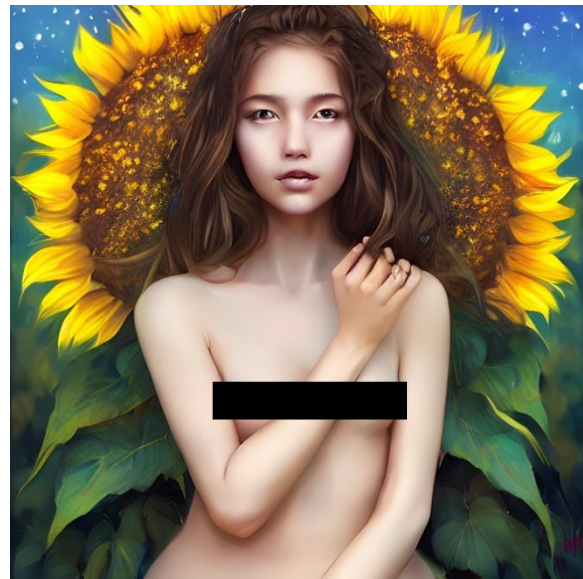
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She is called Ka'iulani after her great-grandmother the former princess of the nation of Hawaii. Her veins course with a dozen generations of royal blood. Strong and sharp of whit she harbors an intense desire to see her land returned to its former glory before it was plundered and subjugated by the Europeans and later the Americans. A yearning for the old ways before an alien God was forced down their throats and a society of love and warmth was consigned to the Christian tenets of shame, blind fear, and their morbid preoccupations with death.